

A Father's Pride

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Summary: For a long moment, Stoick held his son's shoulders in his grasp. He allowed his eyes to roam over his square jaw and lanky form, putting every detail of his son to memory. As he stepped away, as his great hands slipped from those slim shoulders, Stoick felt an immense surge of pride fill his heart. For his son chose to form his own path, his own way. A dedication to LeDbrite.

A Father's Pride

**Hello! This little drabble is in response to LeDbrite's One-Shot, 'He Won't Hurt You'. In that story Hiccup believes he failed his father because he promised him Toothless would never hurt him. LeDbrite made the connection from the first movie, where Hiccup is in the Kill Ring and Toothless is trying to protect him. In that scene, Stoick subdues Toothless and it about to kill him when Hiccup shouts that Toothless wouldn't hurt him.

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**That thought struck me. And so this little drabble was born. However, I think I strayed a bit far from my main idea. This sort of just took on a life of it's own. You don't have necessary have to read 'He Won't Hurt You', but I would recommend it. It's a very nice piece and LeDbrite was the one who gave me the inspiration.

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Many thanks to her and for her permission to expand upon her work.

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><p>A Father's Pride

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><p>He never registered the blast.<p>

At the last moment, he turned and faced the bright light hurling towards him. One arm outstretched as if to stop it, the other wrapping itself around the trim waist of the lanky form of his son. And he knew. So, he shoved the lad away as hard, and with as much force, as his body allowed. For a moment, he took in the frigid cool air that whipped about his face, stinging his eyes, and the hard packed snow that crunched under his weight. His gaze flickered to the fallen form of his son and his heart swelled.

Then the light grew ever brighter and he knew no more.

* * *

><p>It was the deafening roar of silence that woke him. Finding himself flattened against frozen earth, Stoick rose to his feet, abet rather unsteadily. He shook his head, clearing it of muddled thoughts and confusion. Then the sound returned, as if someone had pried open a bottle of mead, and fierce cries of despair met his ears. Startled by the them, the giant of a man glanced up.<p>

Crouched before him, the ebony creature's maw was open and sizzling, its eyes narrowed to thin slits and a low growl tore from deep within its throat. Stoick followed the creature's gaze, unsure as to what the dragon was staring so intently at. A crumpled mass of leather was lying across the still form of a body, a body covered in snow and ice. The mass of leather shook and the cries of despair rose ever higher.

"Hiccup." He murmured and raced forward.

A sudden hand upon his shoulder stilled him. "No."

Stoick turned, rage boiling up within him at whoever dared to come between him and his son. Yet, at the sight of the visage standing beside him, he inhaled sharply and ripped his shoulder from its grip. The being before him was far too beautiful to be of Midgard. With hair as fair as the sun and armor far more glorious than any mortal smith could ever forge, the being before him simply gazed at him, her expression stoic and unreadable.

"There is nothing more left for you here, Stoick the Vast." The being's voice was calm and gentle, yet a great weight hung in her words. A power so terrible that he felt his bones quiver under her alto tones. "Chief of the Hooligan Tribe, you have been called forth. Come."

Stoick's gaze flitted once more to the figure of his son, who was now shoving the snow and ice from the body. With such physical strength Stoick did not know his son possessed, the lad gripped the pair of great shoulders and rolled the fallen warrior upon his back. He watched as his son's face fell and what blood that remained in his cheeks, abruptly drained away. The once bright, emerald eyes darkened and the light that always seemed to shine within him, dimmed. Stoick's gaze the turned to the body, a deep sorrow welling up from his heart.

"Come with me."

Every fiber within him urged him to take the being's hand, now offered to him, and allow the *Valkyrja* to lead him where she may. Yet, another part of him, a part that was steadily growing in strength, wished to refuse.

More cries. More sounds of despair and sorrow. Now his wife was by his son's side, her ear pressed against the warrior's chest, a faint glimmer of hope within her eyes. Stoick turned his gaze, knowing that hope was all in vain.

"I—"

The *Valkyrja* frowned, her expression hard and stern. "You can do nothing for them."

"My son." The whisper that escaped him was both fierce yet, vulnerable. He could not leave. Not yet. "Please."

"Can you not see?" The frown deepened and her eyes rose so as to gaze about the scene before them. "He yet lives. You succeeded in sparing his life. Now, come."

This did not satisfy him. "Allow me my farewell. Allow me to speak to them once more."

"They cannot see you, Stoick the Vast." The being replied, though her expression had softened somewhat. "Your voice will not reach them."

"I care not."

The *Valkyrja* paused, her face both thoughtful and displeased. Yet, Stoick stood firm before her, his feet planted and his stance unyielding. He would go with her, he would not fight, but not before he offered his family a farewell. Not before he could tell them the words that lay upon his heart. He would not find rest until this was done.

"Very well." She relented quietly and extended her arm so he may proceed. "Yet, you must be quick. You are a warrior who has been awaited with much eagerness, Stoick the Vast."

"Thank you," His own expression softened and he offered the being a immense look of gratitude. "You truly are merciful."

She smirked and shook her golden head. "You are a hard warrior to bargain with Stoick the Vast. Now go, say what you will. Your time is limited."

He gave a sharp nod and turned on his heel, allowing his feet to carry him as fast as he was able towards the now growing crowd on onlookers. When he drew close, he slowed, his pace hesitant and unsure. His wife had taken his son in her arms, his slim shoulders heaving with dry sobs.

"Oh, son." He knelt before them, his fallen body the only thing preventing him from taking them both in his embrace. Whether he could or not, he did not know. "My Val. Please, weep not for me."

Yet, his plead went unheard and the tears flowed ever faster. A tiny

coo broke Stoick reverie and he glanced over to see his son's dragon, Toothless, slinking forward, almost hesitant. The dragon's bright eyes were clouded with fear and sadness. He raised his snout to the air and sniffed, before taking another tiny step forward.

"Ah, Toothless." Stoick heaved a great sigh and reached out a hand for the beast. "Not you as well, eh?"

The dragon sniffed the air once more, completely unaware of Stoick and brushed his nose against the cold hand that belonged to his vessel. Toothless cooed again and Stoick knew that the dragon was slowly processing what he did or did not, smell.

"NO! GET AWAY FROM HIM!"

Startled, Stoick found his son shoving Toothless away from his body. His son's eyes were alight again, yet this was not the light Stoick had come to love and care for. No, this light was of sorrow and rage and pain. And never, never before in the five years that the two had been together, had his son ever, ever shouted so hatefully at the dragon.

"GET OUT OF HERE! GO ON!"

His son's face was streaked with tears, both old and new. His wife placed a hand to his chest, trying to calm him. Yet, his son wrenched himself away from her touch, rising to his feet and waving his arms at his friend to take leave.

"Oh, son. Son, no."

Stoick watched, in growing sadness, as Toothless paused for a moment. The dragon did not seem to understand what had occurred and was torn by his son's rage and harsh words. Then, with a shake of his great head, an act more out of confusion and hurt, Toothless took his son's words to heart and fled. As the mighty creature disappeared, Stoick felt his own heart grow heavy. Toothless and his son had shared a strong bond, much like that between brothers, and it hurt him deeply to see that bond shatter right before him.

The fault did not lie with Toothless. The fault lied with the one who lived only for bloodshed, for death and misery. And his wife spoke as such, soothing his son with small words and the comfort of her arms.

"Hiccup," Stoick rose to his feet and weaved around his broken body. His son's heart was shattered and broken, a fact that he could not stand. Yet, his time here as short, and there was much to be said. He stopped beside his son's free side and knelt. "Listen to me son, please. That dragon isn't to blame, you hear?" He paused, gauging his son's expression and noting how it fell even further. Defeat was clear upon his son's face and Stoick, who knew not if his son could hear, pressed further. "Men like Drago, care not for whom they harm or the destruction they leave behind. Hiccup, you wished to end this peacefully and that, that is honorable. You are honorable and full of faith and forgiveness and I . . I am proud, to be called your father."

Suddenly, a terrible screech took to the air. Stoick stood, as well as his son and wife, and watched in growing horror as Drago seized

Toothless by the tail and flung him to the cold earth. The dragon howled in pain and Hiccup lurched forward, a broken cry on his lips. Stoick reached out to stop him, but Valka intercepted first and clutched desperately at her son, begging him to stay. Hot anger rose within Stoick's chest as Drago mounted Toothless with cruelty, and lurched him skywards. The man cared not for how he handled the majestic creature who bore him, and he proved this when he struck Toothless in the side to urge him faster.

Then, they disappeared into the clouds, Toothless' roar echoing across the barren landscape.

"Toothless! No!" Hiccups cries became desperate once more and he sunk to his knees, his hands grasping his hair. "NO!"

Stoick felt his own rage grow and he clutched his hands, his knuckles turning bone white. He could do nothing. There was nothing more that he could do for this world, for his wife or son. Yet, perhaps that was the reason. It now fell to his son to right the wrongs done this day.

The reign of Stoick the Vast, Chief of Berk, was over.

The time had come for Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third to take up both shield and sword, and rise to become protector and leader.

"Get up, Hiccup." Stoick turned to his son, who still remained on his knees, covered in snow and ice.

No answer. His son's head was still bent in defeat.

"Get up, son!" He wasn't going to allow him to wallow anymore. Grief would not hold his son in its cold fingers any longer. "Get to your feet! Are you going to allow Drago to continue his conquest?! This war isn't over! There is still hope!"

Nothing. Hiccup made no move to stand and Valka simply held the lad's shoulders, unable to get to her own feet. Stoick observed the growing crowd. The Riders, now rendered without mounts, stood off to the side, their helmets poised over their hearts in respect. Astrid, the woman whom had captured his son's heart, who Stoick had hoped to call his daughter one day, came forward and knelt before his son.

"Hiccup?" Unshed tears shown in her eyes and her hands reached up to stroke the bangs from his son's forehead. "Hiccup please, what do we do? What do you want to do?"

Tears of his own cascaded down Stoick's face and disappeared into his great, braided beard. "Son, I know you are hurting yet, you cannot just give up. There are those who need you, who look to you now. Those who believe in you. Berk needs a Chief who will lead them in peace, who will defend them with cunning and wit, and who will strive to continue the bonds forged between man and dragon. That is you son, not I."

He stepped forward and knelt before his shattered son once more. Not knowing whether or not he was able, he reached up and clasped his son's shoulders in his own. He found, to his own surprise, they stayed. His son gave a small start, a movement barely

noticeable.

Yet, Stoick saw it and took hold of it like a lifeline.

"The world is in need of you, Hiccup. My son. My son."

Hiccup's head shot up and Stoick could not repress the smile that spread across his face. His son blinked, tears still flowing down his face. Yet, there was fire in his son's eyes once more. The kind of fire that shone the day his son took on the Red Death, and brought it low. The kind of fire that blazed whenever a threat reared its ugly head against his friends and family. This was the fire Stoick had come to admire and love in his son. For whenever that fire burned within his son's eyes, a plan was forming.

"Your son has heard you."

Stoick, his hands still upon the shoulders of his son, turned. The Valkyrja stood proud, in all her glory, her arms crossed over her chest and offered him a tiny smile.

"Even now, he is forming a plan to retake his dragon."

"And I?" Stoick asked, turning back to his son. "What of I?"

"You have inspired hope in him again, Stoick the Vast." She replied, coming forth and extending a hand to him. "Your words have reached him. Now, please come. Come and rest. Have faith in your son, for this day will belong to him . . him, and that glorious drake of his."

For a long moment, Stoick still held his son's shoulders in his grasp. He allowed his eyes to roam over his square jaw and lanky form, putting every detail of his son to memory. As he stepped away, as his great hands slipped from those slim shoulders, Stoick felt a rush of pride and love fill his heart. His son had never been a failure. His son had dared to do what no one else ever conceived of doing, making peace with a dragon. His son chose to form his own path, rather than the path laid out for him by others or tradition. His son, his Hiccup, became a man of his own making and volition.

The Pride of Berk? Perhaps.

However, he was much more than Berk's heir and future Chief.

He was Stoick's son. His Pride.

For there was no other lad in all the world that could be a better son to him, than Hiccup.

"Lead on, then."

And so, Stoick turned on his heel and left his son (who now rose to his feet, his footing strong and sure) and entered Valhalla. He had no need to look back, for all was well in the hands of his son.

"And, Hiccup? Tell that dragon of yours something for me. Tell him,

there is nothing to forgive."

* * *

><p>Well then, I think this came out fairly well.

In Norse Mythology, a Valkyrja or Valkyrie would come for those fallen in battle. So, I had the idea of one coming for Stoick yet, I wanted him to say his goodbye's first and to offer Hiccup some last minute advice. Stoick, I believe, can sort of touch people. They can't necessary feel, see, or hear him in perfect clarity, but in the end, I think Hiccup heard a little of his father's voice.

**I also wanted Stoick to not have any bitterness against Toothless. In the last five years, I think Stoick probably had grown rather fond of him and therefore, doesn't harbor any ill feelings for him. Stoick, I believe, is just happy that it was him that Toothless shot rather than Hiccup. After all, Stoick is someone who protects his family. Dying for his son is not something he would hesitate to do.

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I also wanted Stoick to try and motivate Hiccup. To help him realize that the world needs him, not Stoick. That his people love, cherish, and admire him.

**Most of all, I wanted Stoick to confess that he is proud to be Hiccup's father. Not the other way around, like in the first movie. By wording it this way, it shows that Hiccup, in his own way, has surpassed his father. That Stoick has seen the man Hiccup has become and is proud of that man. **

I rather like this piece and I hope you did too. Please, leave me a review in the box below. I would love to hear about your thoughts and feelings on this.

End
file.